

The Evening Advocate

The Evening Advocate. The Weekly Advocate.

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Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE"



"To Every Man His Own"

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 29th., 1923.

The Necessity of Co-operation for the Country's Good

The comparatively quick despatch given to the Humber resolutions is a matter for which the whole country will commend the House of Assembly in view of the very evident necessity to speed up employment operations in the interest of our workmen.

The people want work at the present time, and they require it at the earliest moment possible, in order that they may provide for themselves and families for the coming season.

The time has come when the fishery industry should not be, and cannot be, solely depended upon to keep Newfoundland going. The uncertainty of the catch, the risk of varying market conditions and the deplorable lack of co-operative action on the part of the exporters of our staple product, which so seriously damages local prices, have resulted in laying too great a burden upon our producers.

If this burden of the whole country is to continue to bear solely upon our fishermen producers, our fishery industry will soon become paralysed and collapse entirely, which will be a most serious occurrence for Newfoundland. It is for this reason that the Government's policy of development of other wage-giving industrial resources should be strongly endorsed. The big Humber operations, along with the Grand Falls, Bell Island and other industries will tend to equalize the pressure upon all classes of workmen and relieve the industry which has borne and is bearing the heat and burden of centuries.

It must be understood that every means possible must be used to encourage the fisheries and encourage such prices as will be sufficient to enable fishermen to make both ends meet.

Outside the necessity of co-operative and harmonious action on the part of exporters for a better exportation system there is no better way to encourage the fisheries than by encouraging development of our interior resources, which will combine with the fisheries to provide returns for our people all the year round.

Therefore, let all parties speed up development so that as many as possible of those seeking employment will get the chance to make a living wage.

Aunt Jane Again!

Alleged Slayer Was Husband and Wife

Our Union readers will be glad to know that Aunt Jane, the popular writer for F. P. U. incidents, is still alive and is as much interested in the Union as ever.

To-day we publish an account, by Aunt Jane, chiefly of His Excellency the Governor's recent visit to Port Union and are glad to be able to say to our readers that Aunt Jane advises she will resume, from time to time, her commentary contributions to the Advocate.

F. P. U. COUNCIL ELECTIONS OFFICERS

Salt Pond, District of Twillingate, June 8th, 1923.
Salt Pond Council of the F. P. U. held their annual meeting May 29th. Officers elected for the coming year are as follows:
Hubert Brett, Chairman.
Andrew Stride, Deputy Chairman.
Daniel Hodnot, Secretary.
Azariah Manuel, Treasurer.
HUBERT BRETT, Chairman.

CHICAGO, June 21.—Fred. G. Thompson, held as the band who, disguised as a girl, slew Richard C. Tesmer, became a still greater enigma today when police questioning revealed that he has been playing the role of husband to a woman while at the same time passing for the wife of a man. Both were arrested with him.

Known to neighbours as Mrs. Frances Carrick, a talented singer and industrious housewife, Thompson has lived for some time with Frank Carrick, a mechanic, in the same building in which he and his wife, Marie Clark, maintained an apartment, according to the officers.

The woman said Carrick "married" Thompson in order to be exempted from military service in the world war, and detectives said they found such an exemption certificate. Carrick said they had been married 13 years, and that it was six months after the ceremony before he learned Thompson was a man.

Meanwhile, the police are searching for another man as the companion of the bandit who held up Tesmer and his wife on the night of June 5, and shot the former after taking a few valuables.

Aunt Jane Describes Uncle Jim's Visit to Port Union in Her Usual Interesting Fashion

Change Islands, June 23rd., 1923.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It's so long since I wrote to you I hardly know how to commence my letter about Jim's visit to Port Union, but Jim sez I have to write it, and what Jim sez "goes" in our house; for I always believed in peace and quiet, so let Jim have his way, provided his way doesn't interfere with my ideas. It was early in June when Jim made up his mind to go to Port Union, and we were expecting him home about the middle of the month but instead of coming he send me a postcard with the Union M.H.A.'s photographs on it, and sez he, "I'm not coming back until the Governor gets here."

For three nights and three days I worried about Jim, for I thought he must be getting crazy. Here we was waiting for him to come and get ready for fishin' and all the boys down to see and hear what the news was when all we get is a postcard.

Well I must get busy and tell you what he told me about Port Union, Sir William Coaker and the Governor's visit.

Jim sez Port Union is Fairlyland and I think the fairies must have got a hold a Jim while he was there because he can talk of nothing else now.

He sez Dug White told him they had a grand time when Mr. Coaker was made Sir William, but before I say anything about this I must tell what Jim saw. My head is aching trying to remember it all, but Jim sez if I'd stop talking gossip to the women and pay more attention to what he sez I'd have a better memory for writing letters.

Jim told me the schooner arrived at Catalina about twelve in the night. Before she got into the harbor he could see the sky was bright and the men told him it was the reflection from Port Union lights.

Now you know how Jim hates to be fooled, so he told Tom not to be fooling him, but sez he, it's funny, for I never seen the northern lights in that direction before.

When the vessel got into the harbor Jim looked towards Port Union, and there it was almost as bright as day. Jim sez he looked and looked, and then he looked again. Next morning bright and early he walked to Port Union as the skipper of the craft wouldn't go there in the schooner as he was once a Union man and was fooled by the United Fishermen last year, and now he doesn't like to meet Mr. Coaker (Sir William, I beg his pardon).

You know it's so hard to say Sir William when we talk of the President that sometimes I say it over and over again so as not to make a mistake when he comes here. Sometimes when Jim is saying his prayers and I'm waiting for him to turn out the light, I say Sir William, Sir William, Sir William and repeat it about twenty times, so I'm almost sure I won't forget myself when President Coaker calls.

Well Jim reached the Union premises about 6 o'clock and there was Sir William on the wharf. Jim didn't know what to do or say, but when he got the handshakes and was asked "How is Aunt Jane," he was in full trim, and knew that the title didn't make one bit of difference to the President.

Then Sir William told Dug White to show Jim around. Jim took out his pencil and book I gave him and this is what he wrote to it:

I met Sir William Coaker at Port Union. He was busy and

told Mr. White to show me the premises. Mr. White sez "Who are you that the boss thinks such a lot of?" Oh, sez I, "I'm Aunt Jane's husband." "Oh," sez he, "that settles it, will you have a cigar?" "No," sez I, "I won't, for the last one I smoked had powder in it and went off in my face." "That's too bad," sez he, "but here is the lift so we will see the office first."

The office is on the top flat, you step on a platform and he pulls the rope and up she goes. When we reached the top Mr. White told me to step off, and step off I did in a hurry into the largest office I was ever in.

Mr. White told Mr. Russell and Mr. Crewe and Mr. Norris that I was Aunt Jane's husband, and they all shook me hand. They showed me through the different offices and then we walked through the dry goods and groceries stores and the electric light place, when a man was getting lights ready for an arch, which they said was for the Governor's visit. From that place we went through the provision store, and met Mr. Hiscock, where they have the cold storage place, and from there we went to see the fish stores, the cooperage and the sail loft. Then he showed me the salt store, and I went on board the big vessel President Coaker. After that he showed me the carpenter shop and the machine shop.

By that time the whistle blew and he took me over to the hotel and introduced me to the woman that runs it. My, how she talked, she reminds me of Jane. She asked me all about Change Islands and everything. She's certainly a pleasant woman to talk to, and makes you feel at home as soon as you are inside the door. The hotel has a lot of rooms and quite a lot of people stay there, travellers and men who work on the premises. It was there I met Charlie Bryant, who spoke to me about the trip he made in 1913 on the motor boat F. P. U., and how he enjoyed his visit to Change Islands and especially the Wadhams.

After breakfast Mr. White called to ask me if I would like to see the shipbuilding yard, where they are building another big vessel about the size of the "C. Bryant."

From there we went to the railway wharf, the Hall, and then I took a walk by myself past the houses and went into Mr. Bryant's drink factory, where we had a lemonade.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I walked along the main street. About twenty houses, not counting the hotel and postal telegraph office. Up the hill on the side of the hotel is the nicest little house I've ever seen, and a boy told me that it is Mr. Coaker's bungalow. I can't describe it now, but will tell Jane all about it, and about the Church of the Holy Martyrs when I get home. The Church is built on a rock and stands higher than the other buildings.

Back of the bungalow is about twenty or twenty-five more houses. It is like fairyland and to think it was all put there in a few years. After looking through the Church I went down the road to the Power house to see where the light comes from. I must stop writing about all these things or my books will be filled, and I won't have enough paper to write about the Governor's visit. Sir William wants me to stay and I think it is a pity to leave now that I am here.

(To be continued)

Business men who want profitable results advertise in THE ADVOCATE.

More Congratulations to Sir Wm. Coaker, K.B.E.

Ex-Governor Harris congratulates Sir William Coaker and Pays High Tribute to the F.P.U. Below we publish the letter of congratulation received by Sir W. F. Coaker from our former Governor, Sir Charles Alexander Harris.

From far and near come messages and letters demonstrating popular approval and pleasure on the occasion of the honour of Knighthood recently conferred upon the President of the F.P.U. Sir Charles Alexander Harris concludes his note of congratulation by paying a tribute to the members of the Fishermen's Protective Union, describing them as a band of loyal members, whom he had learned to respect and who he thought should feel proud of the honour bestowed upon their leader.

There is also a letter from Rev. Mr. Clayton, formerly of St. Thomas' Church of this city, which echoes the same sentiments expressed from all classes of our people.

Beach Hotel, Worthing, 4th June, 1923.

Dear Sir William Coaker:

It could not be but with great interest that I observed your name in Saturday's honours list, and I write to congratulate you on the attainment of so high an honour.

I should fancy that not only to yourself, but to that band of loyal members whom you had around you, your new dignity will give much pleasure.

Yours truly,
C. ALEXANDER HARRIS.

Victoria St., Willenhall, Statts, Eng., June 4, 1923.

Dear Sir William: I have just noticed in the Daily Mail the Newfoundland honour for the King's Birthday. Kindly accept my heartiest congratulations and best wishes for an honour deservedly won. I always remember the splendid time you gave me at Port Union when we opened the Church of the Holy Martyrs. Hope we will see you in England sometime.

Yours sincerely,

REV. A. CLAYTON.
FURTHER CONGRATULATIONS

Newtown, June 18, 1923.

To Sir Wm. Coaker:

Dear Sir,—I am writing this note to congratulate you on the honour bestowed upon you by the King. I am wishing you many years of happiness to enjoy such an honour, but this honour is not compared with the honour that you will receive from the King of Kings when He shall place on your head the crown of Righteousness after all the trouble and the persecution and the slandering of this life is finished. When we are anchored safe by the heavenly shore with the storms all passed may we be all able to say: "I have finished the word God has given me to do."

Yours truly,

TOBIAS HOWELL.

Sir Wm. Ford Coaker, K.B.E.

On behalf of the F. P. U. Council of Newtown, we tender you our heartiest congratulations upon the bestowal upon you by His Majesty King George of the honour of Knight Commander of the British Empire. We regard this signal token of Royal pleasure as an honour conferred upon you in recognition of your great work in the country as President of the Fishermen's Protective Union.

And we sincerely trust that you will long be spared to enjoy the honour so graciously bestowed.

Signed on behalf of Newtown Council.

TOBIAS HOWELL, Chairman
FRED TULK, Secretary.

Goulds, Forest Pond, June 12, 1923.

Sir Wm. Coaker.

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on the honour conferred upon you by His Majesty the King. That you may live long to enjoy it is the wish of myself and Mrs. Chafe.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY R. CHAFE.

Sir Wm. Ford Coaker, K.B.E.

On behalf of the F. P. U. Council of Shalloway Cove we tender you our heartiest congratulations upon the bestowal upon you by His Majesty King George of the honour of Knight Commander of the British Empire. We regard this signal token of Royal pleasure as an honour conferred upon you of your great work in the country as President of the Fishermen's Protective Union, and we sincerely trust that you will long be spared to enjoy the honour so graciously bestowed.

Signed on behalf of Shalloway Cove Council.

JOHN FURLONG, Chairman.
JOSEPH TURNER, Secretary.

King's Point, South West Arm, June 15th, 1923.

Sir W. F. Coaker.

Dear Sir,—Although I am late in the field on account of being away, I feel it my duty and privilege to ask you to accept my heartiest congratulations on the well merited honour which His Majesty the King has been pleased to confer on you.

I also have to congratulate you on the glorious victory won at the elections. Victory is on your side in spite of all opposition.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT YOUNG.

Safe Harbor, June 17, 1923.

Hon. Sir W. F. Coaker, K.B.E.

Dear Sir,—Please accept my congratulations on the high honour bestowed on you by His Majesty King George. I appreciate your great work during the past 15 years. You have proved true in the past, and we trust that the blessing of God may always shine upon you in the future years.

Yours truly,

JOB DYKE.

Flat Island, B.B., June 15th, 1923.

To Hon. W. F. Coaker,

Port Union.

My Dear Sir:—

With the greatest of pleasure I congratulate you on the honour bestowed on you by His Majesty the King, and also on your splendid victory in the elections, as everything conceivable was worked against you personally, but the harder the fight the greater the victory. I am confident that you will do your best to help us through those trying times. No man can do more.

I remain,
Yours faithful,

ABEL RALPH.

Howley, June 8th, 1923.

Sir W. F. Coaker.

Dear Sir,—Please accept my most hearty congratulations on the occasion of your elevation to the dignity of a Knight.

May I also express the hope that strength and vigour may be bestowed along with it to

UNDER THE CHASTENING ROD

"Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee out of the furnace of affliction."—Isaiah, 48-10.

How many there be, who laugh at failure and defeat, And trust the Great Omnipotent when nature seem to shrink, And smile at sorrow as it passes by, And say "Thy will be done", to Him, The Great Most High.

Oh, God, with Thee adversity is sweet, And without Thee all other joys are incomplete, And firm as a rock my trust shall ever be, Centered in the Christ who bled and died for me.

And when the clouds have darkened all my sky, I still lean on Thee and feel that Thou art nigh; Thy loving heart was touched with sorrow, grief and pain, And when reviled, reviled not again.

Since it is my choice to follow Thee, I know too well that I must have my Calvary, Touched by my grief Thy loving heart must surely be A "man of sorrows" who bore it all for me.

Blessed Lord, when Thou, Thy perfect work in me has done, The dress case out, the gold refined, the victory won, The tears that often dimmed the mortal eye, Will vanish at the thought of everlasting joy.

If Thou in Thy Great Wisdom has not planned for me, A smooth and pleasant path o'er life's vast troubled sea; Grant me a safe one to my heavenly home, Where pain and death and parting cannot come.

By Ensign, J. B. KEAN.
Heart's Delight.

PRAYER MEDIUM FOR MANY CURES

New York Sporting Club Is Scene of Miracles, Report Says.

NEW YORK, June 21.—Scores of men, women and children, white, black and yellow, crowded into the Commonwealth Sporting Club today to see Sister Mabel Harrell, conduct a "healing service." Hours before the time set, people were scrambling for the best seats, nearest the ring, where on ordinary occasions prize fighters pummed each other. Cripples were being helped by their friends, the blind were being led, and down the sun-baked street toward the "fight club," a veritable procession of misery passed along, urged on by hope of cure.

For five days Sister Harrell has been performing what appear to be miracles. Twice a day, afternoon and evening, she receives her patients. Numbered tickets are distributed to the sufferers by lot and they come forward one by one.

A deaf and dumb girl cried "Praise the Lord" and claimed she could hear, after Sister Harrell's hands had been placed on her. A negro hurried down the aisle screaming that she had been cured of tumor of the stomach. Two negroes, one old and gray, the other a boy, threw away crutches and walked out crying "Hallelujah!" A woman giving the name of Sadie Wilson said she had been made to see, after having been blind from cataracts for years. Sister Harrell says she heals by the power of prayer.

Merchant Marine Asks For Tenders

(Montreal Star)

The Canadian Government Merchant Marine called for bids today on 27 vessels of from 2,775 tons to 5,181 tons, which it was recently decided to dispose of as unsuited for post-war marine conditions. R. B. Teakle, general manager, will receive bids at his office, 230 St. James Street, until August 1, which must be accompanied by a cheque for 5 per cent. of the amount of the tender.

The oldest ships on sale are the J. A. McKee, built in 1908; the Sheba, built in 1912; and the Thomas J. Drummond, built in 1910. The others were built in the years 1919-1921. The largest ship on sale is the Canadian Raider, 5,181 tons. The smallest is the Canadian Miner, 2,775 tons.

Other vessels include the Canadian Sealer, Trader, Adventurer, Sailor, Sower, Pathfinder, Engineer, Signaller, Gunner, Warrior, Beaver, Farrer, Observer, Rover, Coaster, Harvester, Logger, Aviator, Settler, Rancher, Trapper and Hunter.

enable you to continue and carry on your good work.
A. A. GRAHAM.

SAV TEL

Head

The Morning publishes a Cotton of Major says, telling" who posed golf when inter Major Coting thing of this his raze w Klondyke

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